

The Broken Tie

By Curtis Ellsworth Kingsley

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Gordon Espey, ringmaster of Siliery's Great Circus, looked the ear of a water boy who had stumbled over a rope with the tip of his long-lashed whip, and gave the urchin a quarter to mend his bawling. He caught a snake man drinking out of a bottle, smashed the offending vessel and smashed it against a plank.

"You're discharged, no tipping here!" roared the neat and nifty king of the sawdust circle.

"Ought to have known better," remarked a hustler to the culprit. "He's dead down on the hard drink. They say he goes clear around a block to keep from passing a saloon, he hates them so. Espey is a queer one—bet he's had a history."

Yes, Gordon Espey had a history, and it had climaxed in making him the odd makeup of humanity he was. Strictness and severity were strangely mixed with the most generous of instincts. And then he would become angry if the remotest reference was made to these wayward impulses.

"Oh, mister! can we speak a word with you?" hailed the ringmaster as he came outside of the big tent, and Espey turned, with his habitual scowl, to be confronted by twelve boys ranging in age from eight to twelve years; their leader acting as spokesman.

"What is it?" he snapped out, always on the suspicious alert for applications for free passes, runaways anxious to join the circus, cut-rate nances, and the like.

"We want to know if we can hire your clown?"

"Well, that's good!" decided the ringmaster. "What for now?"

"Our circus."

"Oh! a rival in the field, hey?" rallied Espey. "And where may this circus of yours be?"

"Down in a lot, next to Mrs. Daniels' house," was explained hurriedly, and with a certain spice of pride. "You see, mister, little Eva Daniels has been sick for a long time. Now she's just able to sit up. And we all love her so much, and it's her birthday, and we want to give her a surprise."

"She's a fairy!" piped up a little fellow of eight.

"No, she's just an angel!" supplemented a companion.

"We've made a sawdust ring just like yours, only a tiny one," went on the spokesman of the party. "We've got quite a program. I swallow a sword. Dick Brown does some somersaults. Ned Bates walks a clothesline tight-rope. Of course, they're poor stunts, so we want to hire your clown for about an hour, to make Eva laugh and feel good."

"Do you happen to know how much a clown costs?" interrogated the ringmaster.

"No, sir, but we've got six dollars and fifty cents among us. You see, we all got fifty cents from our parents to come to your circus tonight, and poor little Eva can't be moved this far, so we've put our money together to hire the clown, and give Eva a real good time."

"Nothing doing," growled Espey, starting to pass on his way, when out of a side tent dodged a jolly-faced lump of rotundity.

"Who says it?" rolicked the same. "Sick girl, boy friends getting up a show for the little lady? What time does this greatest show on earth come on the boards, kids?"

"Two o'clock, sir," explained the spokesman of the group. "Oh, I hope you can come!"

"Come? I wouldn't miss it for fifty dollars! I'll be there in regular trim, and my trick donkey, Napoleon Bonaparte, and my little girl—for I've got one, bless her—in her gold chariot, driving two milk-white ponies. I should say it! Don't worry, Espey," continued the clown, waving a reassuring hand to the ringmaster. "It don't cost you anything, and the stunt will be a famous advertisement for our own show. See?"

Mrs. Alice Daniels was one of the poorest persons in the town, but everybody liked her and respected the modest, ladylike seamstress who had come to the little village a few years previous. As to little Eva, the widow's child, she was one of those lovely beings who weave themselves closely into the hearts of all on first sight. The noble sacrifice of her boy friends evidenced the power of witchery and love which the little convalescent universally inspired.

Her mother had propped her up in a chair looking out upon the open lawn and the lot beyond, telling her that her rare boy friends had got up a show especially for her edification. Eva was all excitement and expectancy. She was kept busy bowing and smiling and throwing kisses as "the actors" finally came into the ring. She clasped her little hands in the fullness of innocent spontaneous delight as "the star performers" of the group went through their amateur stunts.

Then Eva seemed translated into fairyland. The clown had kept his word. More than that, he had added the feature of music to the entertainment, for just as the lady

formed their share of the function, a member of the circus band, playing cornets, appeared on the scene, and, keeping march time to the march they delivered, the clown's daughter, all radiant with tulle and tinsel, drove slowly into the ring, seated in a gilded chariot, white ribbon lines guiding the two snowy ponies.

And then, the wonder of wonders for Eva, into the ring bounded the clown. Oh, but he was funny! and oh, the rapturous delight of Eva and the outside audience, as Napoleon Bonaparte came upon the scene, the gifted, trick mule who chased his master in a circle, toppled him over the ropes, threw him off his back and danced about him on his own hind feet!

Never was so much delight crowded into the space of a single hour, and the child wonder of the white ponies came into the room where Eva was, and kissed her, and presented her with a great overflowing bag of peanuts, pop corn and candy, and the clown made a speech to Eva's "actor" friends, and the air rang with the exclamations of the juvenile group.

"So you're back from your grand philanthropic excursion, are you?" hailed the ringmaster, as the clown reappeared on the circus grounds.

"Yes, what's your interest, Espey?" challenged the clown keenly. "Say, you're not by any means the gruff old bear you pretend to be, and if you had seen all the good a little attention to the poor and lowly has worked out, you'd come out of that close shell of yours. Look here, I've given a pass to that odd dozen amateur actors for tomorrow night. See that it's honored, will you?"

"What about the six dollars and fifty cents? Of course, 'u got that."

"Sure I did," acknowledged the open-hearted clown frankly, "and added as much more to it, and donated the whole of it to buy an invalid chair for the little miss," and then he was quite amazed at the persistency of the ringmaster in betraying an interest in details of the incident of the afternoon, even to the location of the widow's home.

At dusk that evening Gordon Espey left the circus grounds after carefully placing a bank note in an envelope. He sought out the scene of the amateur circus of the afternoon and the home of Mrs. Daniels adjoining. He was almost stealthy as he advanced up the garden path. The front door was closed, but light streamed broadly across the middle of the porch, although it was in shadow.

Espey crept up the steps on tip toe. He stooped down, drew out the envelope and attempted to push it under the door, but this set so closely shut that the interstices would not admit the envelope.

"What is it, please?" spoke a voice at the shadowed end of the porch, startling Espey quite, and straining his vision, he made out a feminine form rising from a chair.

"I fancy I am detected!" and he half laughed in an embarrassed way. "I am one of the circus men, madam, and we are all so interested in that little tot of yours, that we want to make it easier for her, and I was leaving a trifle—"

There Gordon Espey paused. There, directly in front of the window, both had come to a halt. The full radiance from the lamplight within flooded their faces. They were stunned at the unexpected confrontation—man and wife!

"Gordon!" died upon the lips of the woman, and she wavered and was forced to steady herself by grasping the porch rail.

"Alice!" uttered the man, and the habitual cynical expression left his face, and the glowing eyes told of a new soul aroused.

She shrank back. It was under the memory of five years previous when she had fled from this man as from a pestilence, for soul and body were given over to drink until she had feared for her life. She had hidden away from him and now—he had found her.

"Alice!" he said, his tones tremulous, but not uncertain, "since the day of your absence and that of your dear little one awakened me to a realization of my utter unworthiness, no drop of liquor has passed my lips."

"Our little one," she corrected him, for she recognized in him the regenerated man.

"May I come back?" he added, with a longing glance through the window at a little white-robed form lying on a trundle cot.

Her hands clasped, her eyes were suffused, her face worn, but still beautiful face looked up to him trustfully, hopeful, longingly.

"Oh, Gordon!" she sobbed, "will you come back to us?"

Dehydrated Food Products.

As food for armies in the field dehydrated products are almost ideal. One of the most important features of the food conservation movement in Germany since the outbreak of the war, a writer states, has been the practice of dehydrating fruits and vegetables and Germany's efficiency in connection with the conservation of that country's limited food resources is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that, after more than three years' isolation from the world markets upon which she formerly depended that nation still manages to feed its inhabitants.

In June, 1914, there were 480 dehydrating plants in Germany, treating annually about a quarter of a million pounds of potatoes alone. In a food conservation campaign organized at the time of Germany's first declaration of war 246 new dehydrating plants were added, 100 of which were aided by government funds.

Payment of Funds to Credit of Enemy or Ally Authorized by U. S. War Trade Board

The war trade board has authorized the payment of drafts that have been accepted, drawn on funds to the credit of a person who is an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," or acting for or on behalf of an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," or on which such a person appears as drawer or indorser, when such drafts are presented for payment in the United States: Provided, however, that when such drafts are collected for or on behalf of any person who is an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," or person acting for or on behalf of an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," the proceeds of collection shall be at once reported by the person making such collection to and be held subject to the disposition of the alien property custodian.

No drafts can now be accepted or transferred or dealt in before acceptance which are drawn on funds to the credit of any person who is an "enemy" or "ally of enemy" or acting for or on behalf of an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," or drawn by or to the order of such person, or on which such person appears as indorser, unless a license is first obtained from the bureau of enemy trade, Bond Building, Washington.

The war trade board has also authorized the payment of travelers' checks, not exceeding \$100 in amount, on which there appears the indorsement of a person who is an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," or acting for or on behalf of an "enemy" or "ally of enemy," without obtaining a license therefor.

JUST FOR FUN

Something Suitable.

"What can I make for my husband to eat?" asked the bride. "Something suitable for the honeymoon. I don't want anything prosaic, you know."

"Try angel food."

"We've been having a great deal of that."

"Well, make him some spoon bread."

Breaking the News.

Poor Tim Murphy went up in a premature blast, and Mike Mulligan was delegated to break the news to the widow. After a few casual remarks, Mike asked, "Has Tim any insurance on his life?"

"He has, indeed," replied Mrs. Murphy. "Well," said Mike, "we can't collect yure pore husband, but we'll help ye collect that."

Up Against It.

"Are you the dealer who supplies Cinderella with her glass slippers?" "I am, and it's a job to fit her, too. I admit she has a small foot, but she thinks it's smaller than it really is. And you know, glass slippers don't stretch."

She Wasn't So Smart.

Mother—I just knew you were going to spill that milk. Teddy—Well, if you knew, why didn't you tell me?

Had Knowledge of Both.

Banker—Do you know anything about checks and drafts? Applicant—Yes, sir: I've run our furnace for years.

A Soft Answer.

"These bargains you women are after are really dear things." "Yes, for I got a bargain when I married you."

After Effect.

First Bill—What makes him so pugnacious? Second Bill—I guess he's been eating scrap iron.

Oh, How Different.

"That man sure has a handsome mug." "Why, I think he's as homely as sin." "I mean he has a handsome mug in the barber shop with his monogram on it."

Lignite Coals May Provide Many Important Supplies

Secretary Lane has recommended to congress an appropriation of \$100,000 to investigate the commercial and economic practicability of utilizing the lignite coals of the United States for producing fuel oil, gasoline substitutes, ammonia, coal tar and gas for power. There are immense quantities of lignite deposits in the public lands of the United States lying near the surface of the earth and cheaply mined, but the coal is of such character that it does not stand transportation in its natural state and is of small value for fuel except in the immediate vicinity of the mines. If a satisfactory method of extracting fuel oil and other substances is secured it would be of enormous value and add immensely to the resources of the United States. It is proposed to have the investigations conducted through the bureau of mines.

An Indian Dawn.
I awoke—and beyond the great trees I saw the dawn come up like thunder, as it does on Mandaley. Exactly like thunder it came up, rolling, rising, crashing clouds of copper and dull gold, reddening, breaking, mounting, out-topping one another.—Atlantic.

Velocity of Sun.
Professor Boss figures the transcontinental velocity of the sun through space at 14.9 miles per second. He regards the speed formerly obtained by spectroscopic methods, namely, 12.4 miles per second, as subject to systematic error.

Among the many monuments to General Sherman, the one situated in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, is a most unique, compelling design. The very character of its architecture seems to emphasize the faithful and honorable spirit of this old warrior.



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Lard, 50 lb. tins	\$14.00
Lard, compound, pound	30c
Cabbage, per pound	07c
Irish potatoes	60c per peck
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Flour, 24-lb sack	\$1.60
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Oranges, per dozen 30c to	60c
Cooking Apples per peck	60c
Onions per pound	06c
Navy beans, pound	20c
Black-eyed peas "	15c

Prehistoric Man Found.

The remains of a prehistoric man have been found near Mexico City, buried under three meters of volcanic lava. It is supposed they are at least 10,000 years old as the oldest records of Mexico make no mention of eruption of the volcano Ajusco.

L. & N.

Time Card

Effective Apr. 15, 1917.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 12:21 a. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:29 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer 9:32 a. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:00 a. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:36 a. m.
No. 91—Ev. and H. accom. 8:58 a. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & N. O. Lim. 5:29 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express 10:20 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer 7:06 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail 10:14 p. m.
No. 90—Ev. and H. accom. 3:00 p. m.—Daily (Except Sunday.)

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin, and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

Nos. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof.

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